The hobbit: the throne of the beast

EXT. LAKETOWN - NIGHT

At the top of the tower,

Bard reaches for his arrows,

only to find one left.

He hesitates in fear,

then grabs it and shoots Smaug.

This time, Smaug passes so close to the tower

that the wind knocks Bard over.

Smaug howls, feeling the arrow,

although it didn’t hurt him.

Suddenly, Bain appears at the top of the bell tower, shocking Bard.]

[Bain:] “Dad!”

[Bard:] “Bain?! What are you doing?!

Why didn’t you leave?! You were supposed to leave!”

[Bain:] “I came to help you.”

[Bard:] “No! Nothing can stop him now!”

[Bain:] “This might.”

[Bain holds up the Black Arrow.

His father gratefully looks at it,

then stroke's Bain's face.]

[Bard:] "Bain - you go back.

You get out of here now!"

[Looking beyond Bard,

Bain sees Smaug approaching the tower rapidly,

Smaug having determined where the arrows were coming from.]

[Bain:] "DAD!"

[Smaug smashes through the top part of the bell tower.

Bard finds himself lying down on the remaining top of the tower.]

[Bard:] "BAIN!"

[Bain is hanging by one arm to the remains of the tower;

he has the Black Arrow in the other.

Bard grabs Bain's arm and hauls him back up.

Meanwhile, Smaug lands closeby in the town,

crushing buildings underneath him.

He is directly in the way of the Master's boat.]

[Master:] “Stop! Stop! Halt! Halt!”

[Bard pulls the Black Arrow out of the hands of the petrified Bain and stands up, facing Smaug. Smaug looks at him.]

[Smaug:] “Who are you that would stand against me?!”

[Bard grabs his bow,

only to find that it was broken in half when Smaug smashed into the tower earlier.]

[Smaug:] “Now that is a pity. What will you do now, Bowman?

You are forsaken. No help will come.”

[Bard looks around frantically, but there is nothing to help him.

Smaug begins walking toward him, crushing the buildings beneath him.

The Master sees his chance and yells to his oarsmen.]

[Master:] “Now’s our chance! Go! Go! Into the open water!”

[Looking at the tower, Smaug growls and licks his lips.

He continues speaking to Bard.]

[Smaug:] “Is that your child? You cannot save him from the fire.

He will BURN!”

[As Smaug continues to approach,

Bard fixes the two broken halves of his bow into the walls of the belltower,

with the bowstring taut between them.

He fixes the Black Arrow to the bowstring,

and lays the front end of the Black Arrow on the shoulder of Bain,

who is standing in between the fixed pieces of the bow and facing Bard.

Bain pants in fear since he can hear Smaug approaching from behind him,

but can’t see him.]

[Bard:] “Stay still, son. Stay still.”

[Smaug:] “Tell me, wretch - How now shall you challenge me?!”

[Bard notices a missing scale on Smaug’s chest,

the scale that was broken by Girion, Lord of Dale.

A small smile crosses Bard’s face.]

[Smaug:] “You have nothing left, but your DEATH!”

[Smaug howls, approaching more rapidly.

Bain looks over his shoulder at the dragon,

but Bard calls him back.]

[Bard:] “Bain! Look at me. You look at me.”

[Bard strains with the effort of holding the Black Arrow taut.]

[Bard:] “A little to your left.”

[Bain shifts a little to his left,

moving the tip of the arrow to the right,

toward the spot where Bard noticed the missing scale on Smaug.]

[Bard:] “That’s it.”

[Bard releases the Black Arrow

and it flies off at high speed from Bain’s shoulder.

It hurtles through the air and all the way to the feathers,

but at the last second,

Smaug twists his chest slightly

The arrow repels off the edge of the broken scale,

the arrow missed and fails to pierce his heart.

Smaug roars,

more enraged than ever,

his fire lighting up the entire sky.

Bard grabs Bain,

just as Smaug careens into the tower.

Bard and Bain fall with the tower into the water as Smaug rolls and flies through the town,

destroying everything in the town.

He begins to fly into the sky.

and breathes fire in the air to boast victory

he falls back down and blows fire

directly upon the Master’s boat,

burning it and killing everyone on board.]

At Erebor

[The sight of Smaug blows fire in the sky

the dwarves and Bilbo watch the horizon in horror

[Oin:] “What was that? What happened?”

[Bilbo, shaking, eyes wide with grief:]

“I saw it… the arrow…. it missed.”

[The others crowd around the opening, looking down toward Lake-town.

The flames are still rising in the distance, smoke covering the sky.]

[Gloin:] “By Durin’s beard… the whole town is burning What have we done?.”

[Balin:] “No… no, it cannot be. They said the black arrow must never fails.”

[Bilbo turns, his face pale and sorrowful, cutting through their denial.]

[Bilbo:] “It failed.

Smaug still lives.”

[The dwarves fall into silence.

Some collapse to their knees.

A heavy sorrow fills the dwarves

[Bilbo, whispering to himself as tears well in his eyes:]

“No gold, no stone, no arrow can save us…

only something far more powerful than us

Thorin hurries down from the lookout point and approaches the gates of Erebor.]

[On screen:] THE BATTLE OF THE FIVE ARMIES

EXT. LAKETOWN – DAY

Alfrid: "Maybe that can be arranged!"

[Alfrid raises his hand to strike her, only to have someone else grab his upraised arm.

It turns out to be Bard, who leans close to Alfrid.]

BARD

I wouldn’t go turning on your own, Alfrid. Not now!

[Bard spins Alfrid around, and Alfrid trips and falls over Bain’s outstretched foot.

Bain and the Woman smile. Sigrid and Tilda come running out of the crowd.]

TILDA

DA!

BARD

Come here!

[Bard grabs up his daughters in a huge hug. He clutches them to himself as the townspeople look on.]

BARD

It’s alright.

[A man, Percy (who used to check the papers of the boats entering town),

steps out of the crowd and exclaims loudly.]

PERCY

(pointing at Bard)

It was him! He failed us! He promised to stand against the dragon —

but the beast still lives!

[The people begin yelling angrily at Bard.]

TOWNSPEOPLE

You’re no dragonslayer!

You doomed us all!

Why didn’t you finish it?!

[Alfrid steps out from the crowd, smirking as he seizes the moment.]

ALFRID

Aye! He boasted of black arrows and noble blood.

Yet the dragon burns, and our children cry in the ash.

I say we dump him back in the lake!

[The people surge, some raising fists. Bard clutches his children tighter,

his voice breaking as he cries out.]

BARD

WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S THE MASTER?

WOMAN

Halfway down the Anduin, with all our coin,

I don't doubt. You would know!

[She points at Alfrid, who looks scared.]

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You helped him empty the treasury.

ALFRID

No - I tried to stop him.

I pleaded. I pleaded.

I said, 'Master - NO!'

[The people yell at him angrily, calling him a traitor and a mongrel.

Alfrid hides behind Bard, keeping Bard between himself and the Woman.]

ALFRID (CONT'D)

Think of the children.

[Alfrid grabs Tilda and holds her in front of him.]

ALFRID (CONT'D)

Will nobody think of the children?!

[Tilda angrily stomps on Alfrid’s foot, forcing him to let go of her.

The people yell for Alfrid’s head.]

MAN

To the tree with you!

[Several men grab Alfrid and raise him up, preparing to hang him with a rope.

He screams with fear. Bard steps in and stops the people.]

BARD

Enough! Let him go! Let him go!

[The people quiet down and let Alfrid fall to the ground.

Bard turns about, addressing them all. The crowd falls quiet for a moment.

Bard glares at them, his voice torn with anguish.]

BARDLook around you! Have you not had your fill of death?

And have I not warned you?

Have I not spoken against that dwarf, Thorin Oakenshield?

Did I not tell you his pride would bring fire upon us?

[The crowd stirs uneasily.]

BARD (CONT'D)

Now look at us. Our homes, our lives, our lake — all consumed.

We followed the promise of gold… and all we are left with is ashes.

[He lowers his head, his voice softer, heavy with sorrow.]

BARD (CONT'D)

I tried to slay the dragon, with me last Black arrow I had.

But I could not do it. I told you what would come, but none would hear me.

[The people shift, guilt and fear mixing with their anger.

Bard looks back at his children, then raises his voice once more, steady but mournful.]

BARD (CONT'D)

All we have left now is hope… not in the dwarves, nor in me, nor in gold.

[The townspeople fall into silence, their anger drained into despair. Some weep.

Bard walks past them, his children clinging to him, a broken man carrying only grief and a whisper of

prophecy.]

BARD (CONT'D)

Winter is upon us;

I can lead you all.

We must look to our own,

to the sick and the helpless.

Those who can stand, tend to the wounded.

And those who have strength left - follow me. We must salvage what we can.

[Bard turns and begins to stride through the crowd.]

WOMAN

What then? What do we do then?

BARD

We find shelter.

[The townspeople begin to follow him as he walks away.]

[The camp is quiet but tense.

Smoke still lingers from the ruins of Laketown.

Families pack whatever they can carry — mostly cloth, grain, and water.

No one speaks of gold.]

[Bard walks through the crowd, voice steady but urgent.]

BARD:

“Take only what you need.

We have a long walk ahead.

The path will not be easy… but it will be clean.”

[Legolas approaches slowly,

his eyes fixed on the mountain beyond the lake.]

LEGOLAS:

“Where will you lead them, Bard?”

[Bard doesn’t answer right away.)

BARD:

“Where the fire hasn’t touched.

Where the ground remembers Laketown .

Away from all this.”

[Alfrid stumbles over, carrying a sack of worn clothes.]

ALFRID:

“The mountain! That’s where we’ll go, isn’t it?

Genius! Sire, we take refuge inside

— might smell of dragon, sure —

but the women can clean that up.

Warmth, dryness, a bit of gold tucked here or there…”

[Bard turns sharply.]

BARD:

“What gold lies in that place is cursed.

We will take only what we need to rebuild what’s real.”

[He tosses a bundle of firewood into Alfrid’s arms.

Alfrid frowns and dumps it on an old woman.]

ALFRID (grumbling):

“Here — pull your weight.”

[Legolas steps closer.

His voice is soft, but his eyes burn.]

LEGOLAS:

“The fire’s gone out… but the smoke has carried.

Word of the dragon’s rise is already moving across the land.”

BARD (quietly):

“I know.”

LEGOLAS:

“Others will come to that mountain — not for shelter, but to claim.

Not for healing, but to possess.”

[Bard turns to him fully now.]

BARD:

“What is it you see, Legolas?”

[Legolas stares long into the ash-colored horizon.]

[A wind stirs his cloak. His jaw clenches.

The light in his eyes flickers — not with joy,

but with something broken,

something ancient.]

LEGOLAS (low, almost whispering):

“I don’t know.

I only feel it… like a splinter in the light.

Something old…

Something… watching.”

[His hand brushes the hilt of his blade unconsciously.

His breath is shallow.]

BARD (studying him):

“You walk like a prince.

But your heart is torn.”

LEGOLAS (quietly, almost to himself):

“She chose the dwarf.

And now… even the stars are silent.”

[He looks up. His face is beautiful, but not peaceful. It’s the beauty of a candle before it dies out.]

LEGOLAS:

“The mountain calls to more than just men.

I hear it too.”

[Bard steps back, cautious. Legolas’s tone has shifted — not dark, but distant.]

BARD:

“Be careful, elf.

The mountain doesn’t give… it takes.”

[Legolas says nothing.

His gaze is fixed far beyond the people — on the mountain.

On something deeper. A wound in the world.]

[Cut to wide shot: the people of Laketown begin their march away from the mountain — carrying only what’s needed.

But Legolas remains. Still. Watching. Wrestling.]

EXT. PLAINS BEFORE EREBOR – DAY

The plains crack under the march of ORCS. Thunder rolls, unnatural.

AZOG rides his white warg to the front ridge.

BOLG gallops in from Laketown, face covered in ash.

BOLG

(panting, bowing low)

It is done.

Laketown is ash.

Smaug flies — free and furious.

AZOG turns toward the mountain. He closes his eyes for a moment… then opens them, wide and burning.

AZOG

(softly)

Then the world is burning…

as it was foretold.

He lifts his bladed arm high. The orcs HALT.

AZOG

(calling out)

Hear me!

The Dragon rises!

The fire has been lit across the nations!

Orcs snarl and growl. Bolg grips his reins.

AZOG

Sauron rises

to gather the kings,

The Beast flies east

to scorch the skies!

AZOG points toward Erebor.

AZOG

But the throne…

The throne remains!

A pause. He lowers his voice.

AZOG

The mountain still stands.

Reeking of Dwarf blood,

waiting for us all.

He rides slowly along the front of his army.

AZOG

The fire belongs to Smaug.

But the stone is ours.

This mountain —

His seat.

His crown.

His temple.

The ORCS begin to ROAR.

AZOG

(shouting)

Let the legions come forth!

Let the blood soak it!

Let the world see —

the throne of the Beast has risen!

AZOG raises his blade to the sky.

AZOG

To war!

For the Mountain!

The HORDE erupts. Wargs HOWL.

BOLG rides east.

AZOG leads them toward Erebor — not for gold, but to claim the final piece: the throne.

INT. THRANDUIL'S THRONE ROOM – NIGHT

The Woodland Realm is silent, lit only by pale moonlight spilling through the carved windows.

Thranduil sits alone on his throne, his crown of thorns casting long shadows. His eyes are half-closed, his face proud — but weary.

Suddenly, the air chills. A dark mist seeps into the chamber, faint and crawling. From it, a whisper coils like smoke.

SAURON (V.O., whispering):

"Lake-town burns…

their screams carried by dragon-fire.

Smaug rises."

Thranduil's eyes flicker open. His hands grip the arms of the throne.

SAURON (V.O.):

"The goblins are fallen.

Their halls are devoured.

The dragon is master there now.

And he is not finished.”

The Elven King trembles, though his face hardens to hide it.

SAURON (V.O.):

“Now He comes for you.

For your halls.

For your people.

For your crown.

The Age of the Orcs

has come

Be ready To Bow”

The shadows around Thranduil flicker like flames. He gasps, clutching his chest, as if the fire were already upon him. He jolts awake — it was not a dream, but a vision pressed upon his soul.

[INT. WOODLAND REALM – COUNCIL CHAMBER – DAWN]

Thranduil storms into the chamber, his generals rising in alarm. His composure is gone, his voice sharp, almost desperate.

THRANDUIL:

“The dragon has moved.

He has burned Lake-town.

He has taken the goblin stronghold.

And now… he comes for us.”

The generals exchange uneasy glances. One speaks, cautious.

GENERAL:

“My lord… what proof is there?”

Thranduil slams his hand upon the table.

THRANDUIL:

“Proof?

Do you wait for fire on your roofs before you believe?

No — we march.

To the mountain.

Erebor must be ours, or we will be nothing but ash.”

His words echo.

The generals march reluctantly, and the Elven King turns away,

hiding the flicker of terror in his eyes.

INT. THE WILDERNESS OF RUIN

[The battlefield has gone quiet. Smoke lingers in the air.

Legolas walks away from the wreckage of Ravenhill, his steps heavy, his bow dragging in the dirt.

His eyes are empty — Tauriel has stayed behind with the dwarf, and his father’s words echo hollow in his ears.

He enters a barren stretch of wilderness, where no bird sings, no wind stirs.]

[Legolas stops. The silence presses on him. He clenches his fists.]

Legolas (to himself, voice breaking):

“There is nothing left for me… no home,

no love, no light

what’s the use

of looking for this man Thranduil says of

I have Nothing left

NOTHING.”

[A faint sound rises — not from outside, but within.

A low, smooth voice, like ash carried on the wind.]

Sauron’s Whisper (off-screen, disembodied):

Nothing left… except truth.

They never understood you legolas

Not your father.

Not the dwarf-lover.

Not even the dead queen who bore you.

[Legolas stiffens, looking around, his hand on his dagger.

No one is there.

Shadows stretch unnaturally long across the barren ground.]

Legolas:

“Who speaks? Show yourself.”

Sauron’s Whisper:

I am always here,

in the places where grief lingers.

You wander empty

but you were always meant for more

You were meant for vengeance.

[Legolas’ eyes narrow, his voice shaking.]

Legolas:

“Vengeance against whom?”

Sauron’s Whisper (harsher now, commanding):

Against those who stole from you.

Against those who left you hollow.

Against the one who let your mother perish,

and left you to carry her shadow.

[Legolas stumbles, pressing his hand against a jagged stone, his breath uneven. His grief sharpens into rage.]

Legolas (whispering):

“I… I see it.

Fire.

Ash.

My bow thirsts for it.

all my life i fought for even the slightest of love

and it was all

for nothing

even that elf

forgotten me for that Filthy dwarf

[The shadows at his feet twitch, like black tendrils stretching toward him.

His bow glimmers faintly —

but instead of elven light,

a dark haze coils around it, feeding on his sorrow.]

Sauron’s Whisper (almost tender now):

Good. Do not resist it.

Become more than a soldier,

And more like a son

Become the arrow that strikes where all others fail.

Walk with me… and you will never be forsaken again.

[Legolas lifts his head. His eyes glisten — not golden with elven light, but clouded,

flickering with shadow.

He turns north, vanishing into the empty wilderness,

his figure half-lit, half-swallowed by dark mist.]

FADE TO BLACK

EPILOGUE — SHADOWS OVER MIDDLE EARTH

[Wide shot: the battlefield lies silent,

strewn with the dead.

Smoke curls into the gray sky.

The armies retreat,

but there is no joy,

only silence and mourning.]

Narrator (Bilbo’s voice-over):

“They called it a victory.

I escaped barely at my own hand

The orc hordes scattered,

the dwarf-king reclaimed the mountain

and the gold was secured.

Yet in truth… we won nothing.”

[Cut to Erebor — Dáin crowned king,

the Dwarves cheering faintly,

but their faces hollow.]

Bilbo (voice continues):

“For even now, darker fires were already lit

— deeper than gold, deeper than pride.

Fires that would not be quenched by any sword of man,

elf, or dwarf.

Smaug

is still out there ”

[Cut to Dol Guldur. The camera sweeps through its black spires. SAURON’s shadow stretches across maps of Middle-earth. Whispered voices hiss like wind.]

Sauron’s Whisper:

“Let them cling to their mountain.

Let them believe in their king.

Let them enjoy their last breath of supper

They will all see how quickly it will fall

soon, all will bow.”

[Cut to Smaug — alive, hidden deep in the ruined lands along Sauron and Legolas

His vast wings unfurl. His molten eyes flare open.]

Smaug (low growl):

“The world will burn at my hand,

just wait

[Montage — quick cuts: Elves evacuating their halls, Men rebuilding in ashes, Dwarves hoarding Erebor’s treasure, Bilbo walking alone toward the Shire.]

Bilbo (voice):

“They say peace was won that day.

But it was not peace. It was silence

— the silence before the terrible storm.”

[Final shot — dark clouds gather, lightning flashing in the shape of a great dragon’s wings across the sky.]

On screen text:

“The Shadow Deepens.”

FADE OUT